

not for years
irresistible
stood



"Prompt to improve and to invite,
We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, APRIL 24, 1830.

No. 24.

POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
ANGELINE PELHAM.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

Col. Pelham was a widower, and one child only, one beautiful, affectionate girl, was all that remained of a numerous and beloved family. He was not rich in gold, but his tried integrity, and his honour as a soldier and a man, had won him his country's unlimited confidence, which was to his noble soul a far dearer treasure than all the wealth of India.

In earlier years he had received many a laurel from the bright coronal of military fame, and worn them with all the dignity of a true-born patriot and hero; but when the wife of his bosom was suddenly torn from his embrace, and his young and interesting family were one after another summoned to the tomb, he paused in his high career of glory, and gazing on the last dear remaining pledge of his connubial love, he turned from the society of the world, regardless of every thing but the happiness and improvement of his child. A change seemed to have come over him, which separated the pride of military achievements from his heart, and wakened there the deep and generous breathings of a father's love. He purchased a neat cottage in the bosom of a shady grove, and there, apart from the concerns of men, he devoted his whole attention to the education of his daughter.

Angeline was an intelligent girl, all gentleness and affection, and amply did she repay her father's unceasing labour and solicitude: in him was her whole soul bound up, and she delighted in nothing so much as little acts of love and tenderness, which shewed the depths of her filial piety.

Oh! who can measure a grateful daughter's devotion to the author of her being and the protector of her youth, when she who gave her birth is no more, when the holy spell of intense

affection which lies buried in the name of mother, is wrenched from its sacred solitude, the breast, and in all its hallowed purity, taught to mingle with the veneration which is inspired by the name of *father*.—What earthly passion can equal this? It is an union of two rich streams of affection which the God of nature has deeply implanted in every human breast; and it can be equalled only by that intense fervor which the widowed parent feels when he looks on the last—*last* of all his heart held dearest.

Such was the love of Col. Pelham and his daughter; so unfeigned and deep laid was their affection, and so rich was the stream of happiness which it poured over their hearts, that the highest charms of the world were utterly joyless when held in competition with the pleasures their presence imparted to each other. And there were a combination of reasons why they should feel this pure and almost unearthly happiness in each other's society.

Col. Pelham saw much in the countenance of Angeline, as well as in her amiable and gentle turns of spirit, that deeply resembled her dear departed mother, and he felt that she was indeed spared him by indulgent Heaven to be his consoler in his afflictions, and the solace of his heart in declining years. He saw her a lonely and beautiful flower, with no earthly friend or protector but himself, and he alone remained of all whom she could call her kindred by the ties of nature. She deeply felt her loneliness and her dependence, and all the ardent affections of her soul were poured into one gush for her devoted and indulgent father. They seemed to live but for each other, and all else was a blank and a scene of weariness to them.

Angeline had just reached her eighteenth year, when the sound of war was heard in the very bosom of her invaded country. Every patriot girded on the weapons of death, and went to share the hardships and the honours of the field.

Col. Pelham at first shrank from the thought of leaving his child; but the imperious call of

duty urged him onward, the fire of the hero was rekindled in his bosom, and he determined to go once and *once only* to fight for his country's freedom. Again and again did he fold his weeping daughter to his heart, ere he repeated the dreadful word *farewell*; but it was at last pronounced, and he darted like a fierce eagle to the place of death and of the hero's glory.

The battle came on, and fierce and dreadful was the conflict. Hundreds and hundreds of brave men lay heaped upon the bloody field, yet the struggle was as vigorous, and deadly as when it first commenced. Neither army seemed willing to submit, and long was the battle maintained with equal spirit on both sides; but at length that of Col. Pelham was forced to give way. They were taken prisoners almost to a man, and conveyed away with great military triumph to the victorious enemy's camp.

The night succeeding this dreadful day, was one of unusual brightness and beauty. Not a vapour obscured the face of heaven, and the moon, riding on her silver car of glory, looked mournfully down upon the earth, and tinged the face of nature with her solemn light. A deep silence reigned over the field of death, uninterrupted save now and then by the low moans of the expiring, or the raven's shrill cry as she hovered over her prey. Suddenly two living beings appeared moving among the heaps of slain, searching anxiously as if for some beloved friend; one was an aged man and the other a beautiful girl no other than Angeline Pelham. She had come without her father's knowledge, to the residence of a friend in the vicinity of the battle ground, that she might sooner learn the fate of the day, and being informed by a soldier, that her father had fallen. She besought her aged friend to accompany her to the field that she might search out the remains of her beloved parent.

Long and unwearyed did they search, and at length they found a body which they supposed to be that of Col. Pelham. Angeline kneeled on the gory earth, and lifting the bleeding corse in her arms, she watered it with the deep wrung tears of a bursting heart. Her companion assisted in removing it from this dreadful spot into a little grove where the noble girl again gave vent to the intense agony of her soul. At length the torrent of her grief seemed to subside; she assisted in digging a shallow grave, and having deposited there all her earthly treasure, she returned to her desolate home.

The report, however, of her father's death was a false one, and the body she had supposed to be his, was that of a relation who greatly resembled him in person; he was taken prisoner, and during his imprisonment, had no means of communicating any intelligence to his friends. Being at length set at liberty he flew to his cottage on the wings of paternal love and anxiety, but alas! what did he find there?

Solitude deep and unbroken and no one could tell him aught of his beloved child. She had been seen to go to the cottage and that was the last that could be discovered concerning her.

After an unwearyed and fruitless search of several weeks, Col. Pelham believed that his daughter was no more, determined to devote himself wholly to his country's cause, and bury amidst the din of battles, the recollection of his sorrow; but this he found was impossible, 'tis true he dedicated himself wholly to his country, and fought bravely to plant the bright tree of liberty on her shores, which was after a long and dreadful struggle, accomplished. But his grief—oh, it still lay buried as deeply in his heart, and nothing earthly could pluck it thence.

When the war was over, he looked mournfully on the bright wreath of fame he had won, and wept bitterly that he had not fallen on the field of glory. He was a wanderer now, homeless and friendless; nor did he seek sympathy from any. His was a heart separated from the feelings common to human nature; it was wrapped up in its own peculiar reflections, hallowed as the sanctuary of sorrow, and could hold no communion with ought save those dear spirits, who had gone before him into Eternity. He wandered from city to city, from country to country, gazing on the works of human pride and grandeur, but feeling not the joy which such scenes usually inspire; he was indeed like a scathed oak, bereft of beauty, yet awfully grand in its ruin!—At length he became weary with wandering, and concluded to return to pay a last visit to his cottage home, and then seek out among the neighbouring mountains, some place of utter solitude, where he might live and die alone.

It was a bright morning in August when he reached the summit of a lofty mountain, which descended into a steep and gloomy valley, where no trace of human footsteps could be discovered. This was exactly such a spot as he had sought for: it was buried among piles of huge mountains which seemed to defy the approach of an intruder, less reckless and daring than he who now stood alone in that vast region of solitude. He sat down on the edge of the declivity and gazed far down into the green depths below, rejoicing at the good fortune that had conducted him to a spot so congenial to his wishes; yet he could not forbear reflecting on the singularity of his situation, and feeling a secret chill come over his heart, when he remembered that he was so far from any human being, shut out as it were from the world, and all its concerns.

The sun now rose in splendour over the mountain tops, and scattered his golden beams in profusion on all that beautiful and lonely region. Col. Pelham was almost overpowered by the sublimity of the scene, and kneeling, poured out his soul in devotion to the great architect of the Universe. Suddenly a low strain of music was on the air;—it seem-

ed like the string of a mystic harp, swept by the softest zephyr of morning. Col. Pelham started on his feet; the sound went deeply to his heart, and awoke echoings there that had slept for years. He descended into the valley by an irresistible impulse, and in a few moments stood at the bottom; here was a clear little rivulet, and he paused on its bank to listen for a repetition of the mysterious music; it came—and its note was now full, clear and melodious; it swept by like a strain from heaven, and seemed to inspire every object around with the hallowed breath of music. It came nearer—a human figure appeared at the top of a little eminence—he could not be mistaken—another moment and he pressed his long lost daughter, his beloved Angeline to his heart.

In the course of human life, it rarely falls to the lot of individuals, to experience a moment of such unutterable delight, as that which now filled the bosoms of this long separated father and child.

It appeared that when Angeline considered her father no more, she felt too desolate to remain in the midst of society, and desiring never again to see the face of a human being, she stole away privately and wandered among the mountains until she found this valley, where she had resided ever since, subsisting on roots, wild fruits, &c. She had erected a little arbor, which was so overgrown with grapes as to exclude the rain, and this was her dwelling. Here she offered up her morning and evening devotions, and soothed as much as possible, her heart into a holy resignation to the divine will of Heaven.

THE DIAMOND RING.

In a populous town, in one of the inland counties of England, a stranger of agreeable manners and fashionable exterior, frequently made his appearance. He gradually obtained the acquaintance of some of the most respectable inhabitants; among the rest of a jeweller, a man of considerable wealth, and reputed to be very knowing in his profession.

One day, while sitting after dinner over a bottle of wine, our friend of the precious stone department, whose eyes were never idle in the way of business, espied, on the little finger of his new acquaintance, a richly chased gold ring, set (apparently) with a brilliant of great size and of the first water. He begged to be permitted a nearer view, which was accorded with much politeness by the stranger.

'A magnificent stone sir,' said the jeweller, returning the ring; 'it is but seldom we see a brilliant of that size so perfectly free from flaw or blemish.'

'You mistake, sir,' said the stranger, smiling. 'It is but an imitation stone: yet so excellent a one, that the best judges have been deceived by its appearance.'

'How!' returned the other: 'a false brilliant? It cannot be. I have followed my

profession for thirty years, and I never yet have been so deceived. Permit me a second inspection.'

But this only served to confirm his first impression. 'It cannot be,' he repeated to himself; 'I know a good stone when I see it, as well as any man in England; and if that be not one, may I never sell watch or diamond again!' Then aloud to the stranger:—'May I ask if you are inclined to dispose of this ring?'

'No. It was a gift of a valued friend to me on his death-bed. I esteem it almost as highly as if it were, as you suppose, a genuine brilliant. And in truth,' he added with a smile, 'as such articles obtain their artificial value merely from their appearance, this ring being so admirable an imitation as to deceive even a connoisseur, answers the same purpose as the purest diamond ring in the world.'

'Admirable indeed!' echoed he of the silver trade. 'It is a treasure. Why, Rundel himself might swear to its being a true stone.'

'The best judges,' said the stranger, 'are at times deceived. I can have no possible motive to mislead you in this matter; and assure you on my word of honour, that this is a false brilliant.'

The jeweller knew not what to make of it. There seemed, indeed, no possible motive to deceive him. He looked first at the stranger and then at his ring; but the former only smiled good-temperedly at the jeweller's incredulity; and, as for the ring, it still gave the lie to its owner's words.

'I will stake my life on it,' thought the merchant of precious stones—'I will stake my life on it, that he is himself deceived as to the value of the stone; or else that for some reason or other, he does not wish others to know it.'

Some days passed and the stranger did not recur to the subject. But the lapidary's thoughts ran continually on the brilliant, and every time they met the temptation became stronger. At last he summoned courage and asked him of the ring if he were willing to entrust it to his care for a single day, that he might test the purity to his own satisfaction. To this request the stranger at once assented, and the ring was placed in the jeweller's hands.

But all the usual tests only strengthened his original opinion. He showed it to several of his brother lapidary's, and they were in ecstacies at the sight; declaring it one of the most perfect brilliants they had ever seen.

'Well,' thought he at last, 'even if it be not a diamond, the best judges think it is: and it is the same to me as if it were—I can sell it as a diamond, and that is enough.'

In returning it, therefore, the next day, he asked its owner what sum would tempt him to part with it.

'I have told you,' he replied, 'that I value the ring much above its real value.—I do not wish to part with it.'

'I will give you much more than its real value as a false brilliant,' said the jeweller.

'I will give you two thousand five hundred pounds for it.'

'That is ten times its value,' said the other, 'but I cannot part with it. I cannot sell the gift of a departed friend.'

'I may venture another offer,' thought the merchant; 'I can sell it for five thousand pounds;' then aloud: 'I will give three thousand pounds for it, and that is my last offer.'

'I will tell you candidly,' rejoined the other, after a pause, playing with the ring and drawing it several times off and on his finger; 'I do not think it right to sell it: but you seem so very anxious to possess it, that I know not how to refuse you. And yet—to take three thousand pounds for what is not worth three hundred. I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience.—Will you give me,' he added at last, 'a certificate from under your hand that you purchase this stone from me, not as a diamond, but (as in truth it is) as a false brilliant?'

'With pleasure,' said the other, eager to close the bargain.

'Then the ring is yours.'

The merchant immediately wrote out the certificate and a check on his banker for three thousand pounds; and the stranger, drawing his ring from his finger, presented it and received the papers.

The same evening the jeweller took out his treasure from one of the innermost drawers of his secret cabinet to admire its lustre at his leisure. It seemed to him less bright than before. He rubbed first the stone and then his eyes. Could he have been deceived? It certainly was less bright.—He held it in a stronger light—his suspicions increased—he applied his highest magnifier—alas! alas! the fraud was too evident. The stranger had adroitly substituted another at the moment the bargain was closed; and the lapidary had given three thousand pounds for a bit of paste.

But remedy there was none. There were witnesses enough to prove the stranger's repeated assertion that the diamond was a false one, and even his own certificate would testify to the same effect.

So he smothered his bitter disappointment as well as he might, tossed the treacherous bauble into a corner, and never again boasted to his brother lapidaries of his bargain in purchasing the diamond ring.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FROM THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER'S MANUAL.

ACCOUNT OF A BEAVER COLONY.

It is now about twenty years since I accompanied a trading party on a journey to Detroit; where we were to stay some time to procure furs from the Indians.

We had penetrated far into the interior of the country, and had encamped for the night

in the midst of an Indian village, situated on the borders of a clear and swift stream which entered into Lake Michigan.

* * * * *

After we had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Indians, they permitted us to go one at a time and watch the operation of the beavers; and notwithstanding all I had heard I could not but be astonished at the wonderful powers with which our Creator has endowed them.

The river was about a hundred feet wide at this place, and they had constructed across it a solid dam as much as twelve feet broad at the base. The Indians told us they had laboured in the construction of this with wonderful perseverance. A large tree the size round the trunk of a man's body, had been first sawed off by their teeth, in such a manner that it fell across the stream—then they sawed off the branches that it might lay level; many working together with the greatest zeal and industry. Some of them at the same time traversed the banks of the river and cut down smaller trees. These they cut into equal lengths, sharpened them at one end—dragged them by land to the margin of the river, and then by water to the place where they were going to build. Some of them plunged to the bottom and dug holes with their fore feet to receive the points of these stakes, while others supported them against the tree which had before been laid across. Others brought earth and filled all the interstices between the piles. These piles consisted of several rows of stakes of equal heights, placed opposite to each other and extending from one bank of the river to the other. The stakes facing the lower part of the river were placed perpendicularly; but those which were opposed to the stream sloped upwards to sustain the pressure of the water; so that the bank which was ten or twelve feet wide at the base, is reduced to two or three at the top.

They had taken another precaution, also, against inundation: they had made sloping holes through the thinnest part of the embankment to allow the surface water to escape, that it might act with less force against the dam. When we made our first visit to them, they had already separated into smaller societies, and were making their separate habitations all along the margin of the river. There were about twenty of these parties with as many cabins nearly finished—there were two openings in each: one for going to the land, and the other for plunging into the water. Those buildings varied slightly both in shape and size—some being round, others oval; some of them consisted of two or three stories; the walls were about two feet thick, raised upon planks which served both for foundations and floors to their houses. Those houses which were of but one story rose perpendicularly only a few feet, and then curved in, terminating in a dome or vaulted roof. They

were all very solid and neatly plastered within and without. The beavers were very busy when I first saw them, in completing this plastering, using their tails to mix the mortar and their feet in putting it on.

One day while I was very busy watching them, a heavy shower came on so suddenly that I had not noticed its approach. The wind blew very tempestuously all the time; and it was not till the storm had considerably abated that I could look about me and observe the condition of my friends, the beavers. When I did so I could not but remark with surprise, how comfortably and how perfectly sheltered they had been. They had retreated to the inside of their cabins, where neither wind nor rain could get at them; I observed large trees rooted up and fragments hurled from the rocks; but the houses of the beavers stood perfectly firm, and were quite dry on the inside; for at this time I had got familiar enough to take a peep without disturbing them at all.

Different materials, wood, stone, and a kind of sandy earth, were used in the construction of these houses; the wood was principally that of alders, willows and poplars, which grew on the bank of the river, and were more easily cut, and stripped of their bark and transported, than heavier and more solid trees could have been. The beavers cut them off about a foot from the ground. They do this in a sitting posture, and enjoy at the same time the pleasure of gnawing the bark and wood which is their favourite food. After the cabins were finished, the beavers employed themselves in laying in ample stores of provisions. This seemed to be done in exact proportion to the size of the cabin and the number of its inhabitants; and the Indians told us that they never pillaged from one another. Some families consisted of only three or four individuals; the largest cabin contained thirty; but generally there were from ten to fourteen inhabiting one dwelling.

They never quarrel with one another; when danger approaches they give notice by striking their tails on the water. Some on such occasions plunge into the water for security; others conceal themselves within their walls, which no animal will attempt to enter or overturn.

I was charmed with the neatness of these houses: the floors were spread with the green branches of the box and fir trees, and were always quite clean. The window that faces the water answers for a balcony to receive the fresh air, and for the purpose of bathing. These windows are high enough to prevent being stopped with ice, which is often two or three feet thick on the river; it is very important to the beavers to keep up a free communication with the water; they often swim for a considerable distance under the ice; and their favourite position, when in their houses seemed to be sitting on end at their windows with the lower part of the body in water. In September they collect their provisions. From

this time till the close of winter they remain in their cabins, enjoy the fruits of their labours, and the pleasures of society. This is their time of repose. In the spring they separate: the males retire into the country to enjoy the pleasure and the fruits of the season. They return, however, occasionally to their cabins, but dwell there no more. The females continue in the cabins, and are occupied in nursing, protecting, and rearing, their young, which are in a few weeks in a condition to follow their dams. The beavers do not assemble again till autumn, unless their banks or cabins be injured by inundations, for when this happens, they suddenly collect their forces and repair the breaches that have been made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A SPECIMEN

OF SUBLIMITY SUBLIMATED.

The following effusion was designed to burlesque the productions of a certain dealer in bombast, who professed to make Dr. Johnson his model in prose and Della Crusca his pattern in poetry. But lacking the genius and energy of those writers our imitator soared low, his poetry became bewitched and his prose ran mad. Should it be supposed, that a little of the whipped sillabub of empty pomposity might help to digest the crude productions of modern scribblers, it is quite at their service:—

The plenilunicular orb had just emerged from the cerulian abyss of the expansive ocean. The mild radiance of her beams resplendent, gamboled eccentric on the verge of the horizon, suffusing ineffable tranquillity through the love lorn breast of the contemplative philosophic philanthropist. The dimpled surface of a capacious reservoir of aquatic particles, gently agitated by aromatic nocturnal zephyrs, reflected the placid rays of Night's beauteous Regent. The tremulous undulations, resplendently luciferous, illumined by Cynthian emanations, surpassed the scintillating corriscations, which gaily gilded the gorgeous gems, so glaring at Golconda. What raptures ecstatic thrilled the glowing bosom of the amorous Alsander when through the attenuated, semiluminated, intervening verdurous foliage, the celestial semblance of lovely Laurietta arrested his attention! The peerless goddess, in a most fascinating attitude, of delicate demideclinatio sat secluded beneath the frondiferous opacity, where pliant woodbine, romantically variegated, with a multifarious diversity of circumrotative, and curvilineal ramifications, most delectably mantled the vivid circumference of a beautiful alcove. Would you form an idea of lovely Laurietta,

Recollect the gay tints of the cloud apparelled morn,

The flame cinctured multihued arch in the sky;

When bright burnished beauties creation adorn—
They are all one dull blank when compared to her eye.
Go, gaze at the charms of this goddess complete,
From the sole of her head to the crown of her feet—
For a primary seraph you doubtless would take her,
And swear Heaven was ruinmaged for matter to make
her.

Oft had the enamoured Alsander, smitten by the arrows of chubby faced cupid, secretly heaved the poignant unavailing sigh of lurid anguish. Oft had his plaintively languishing streams harmonic taught solitary woodlands to revibrate symphonious echoes, in unison, sweetly responsive to the wild, melodious warbling, rhapsodical carols of love.

The goddess of hope, though often delusive, yet flattering ever, now ventured to prompt the sad hearted swain, to annunciate to the divinely amiable object of his fondest wishes, what thrilling sensation of rapturous love ecstatic glowed intensely ardent in the abstruse recesses of his palpitating breast, convulsively singulating with ceaseless solicitude! Still did hesitating timidity, approximating murky despondency, with the frigorific hand of pallid anxiety, imposed the ferruginous shackles of that soul damping diffidence, which precludes any origin to amorous utterance!

CETERA DESUNT.

A SHORT STORY.

AS TOLD BY MATTHEWS THE COMEDIAN.

My friend and myself, when in Devonshire, were visiting an acquaintance, who had a daughter not remarkable either for her wit, beauty or accomplishments. She had passed the grand climacteric, and was certainly on the wane; but her heart had lost none of its susceptibility to *le grand passion*. She had for ten years been conspicuous for her dress, airs, and ‘beau-catchers;’ but alas! she had toiled all night at balls, routs, and levees, but had caught no beau. Being as vain as she was simple, we thought her fair game for a quiz. ‘Miss Lucretia Elvira,’ said I, ‘have you heard of the late act of parliament, by which all ladies with *small mouths* shall be allowed to marry two husbands?’ ‘No sir,’ said she, (SCREWING UP HER MOUFL IN A PUCKER)—‘what a curis law!’ ‘You are wrong, Edward,’ said my friend to me; ‘those ladies with *large mouths* are to be allowed two husbands.’ ‘LAW ME!’ exclaimed she, (opening her mouth as big as a bucket,) ‘what a curious law!’

Noble Revenge.—When I was a small boy, there was a black boy in the neighbourhood, by the name of Jim Dick. Myself and a number of my play fellows were one evening collected together in our sports, and began tormenting the poor black by calling him Negro, Blackamoor, and other degrading epithets; the poor fellow appeared exceedingly grieved at our conduct and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a skating in the neighbourhood, and on the day of the appoint-

ment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim’s skates, I went to him and asked him for them, ‘O, yes, John, you may have them in welcome,’ was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes, said to me—‘John, don’t never call me Blackamoor again,’ and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black fellow in future.

Religion.—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay and destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.—Newton.

Modesty of the Wise.—A French writer remarks that ‘the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

‘How are all your family, John—Mrs. Clod and the little ones,’ said an office seeking lawyer to a man in his neighbourhood, who was mending the public road.—‘Pretty well, I thank you,’ said he. ‘I am glad to hear it,’ said the other—‘What’s the news?’—‘Why, I guess, (replied John,) we shall have an election very soon.’ ‘Why so?’ ‘Because you are so glad to hear that Mrs. Clod and the little ones are well,’ returned the labourer with a look that told the lawyer he had better be off.

A gentleman having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by a school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad, ‘That gentleman’s face is longer than his life.’ Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse’s head and requested an explanation. ‘Sir,’ said the boy, ‘I have read in the Bible

at School, that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length.' The gentleman could not help laughing, and he threw the lad a sixpence for his wit.

A witticism.—A witticism may be worth printing, but not re-printing; the following is so good that we make an exception to our rule in this particular:—'Your hand annoys me exceedingly,' said the prince of La-Roche-sur-yon to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. 'Indeed, my lord,' replied the babbler, 'we are so crowded at table, that I do not know where to put my hand.' 'Put it upon your mouth,' said the prince.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1830.

The Gem.—This periodical, which we have heretofore noticed, seems to go on its way rejoicing, and in consequence of the liberal patronage it has received, the proprietors have concluded to present their second volume in an improved form, and to enlarge their sheet to twice its present size, at an advance of only fifty cents on the original price, which is One Dollar. They also propose should they meet with sufficient encouragement to embellish the second volume of the 'Gem' with an elegant engraving representing a view of the *Scaffold*, from which SAM PATCH made his 'last jump.' Falls, scenery, &c.—the price of which to subscribers will be twenty-five cents.—Persons wishing to patronize the above work, are requested to forward their names with the amount of their subscriptions by the 1st of May, when the volume will commence, to EDWIN SCRANTON, ROCHESTER, to whom all letters must be addressed, post-paid.—
Subscriptions received at this office.

PROSPECTUS OF THE RURAL REPOSITORY, OR BOWER OF LITERATURE;

Embellished, Quarterly, with a Handsome Engraving;

DEVOTED exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American Biography, Travels, Notices of New Publications, Amusing Miscellany, Humourous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

The character and design of this popular periodical being generally known, it having been published nearly six years and received a respectable and widely extended share of public patronage, and as it must be acknowledged to be one of the cheapest journals extant, the publisher deems it unnecessary in his proposals for publishing another volume, to say more than that it will continue to be conducted upon the same plan and afforded at the same low rate, that he has reason to believe has hitherto given satisfaction to its numerous patrons.

His exertions to render the Repository a pleasing and instructive visitor will still be unremitting; and as its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals, with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Seventh Volume (Third Vol. NEW SERIES) will commence on the 5th of June, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. No subscription received for less than one year.

PREMIUMS.

THE following premiums will be allowed to Post-Masters, Editors of Papers and others, who will act as agents for the Repository. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Twenty Dollars, shall receive twenty five copies for one year—reducing the price to EIGHTY CENTS per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty-Five Dollars, shall receive thirty-one copies and a set of *Sturm's Reflections* for every Day in the Year, plainly but handsomely bound.

That we may the sooner, and the more accurately, determine on the number of copies necessary for us to print the ensuing year, as an incentive to present exertions on the part of those who are disposed to assist us in obtaining subscribers, we offer the following additional premiums:—To the first person who shall remit us Twenty Dollars, one copy of *The Token* for 1830, containing thirteen elegant engravings—to the second who shall remit us Twenty Dollars, the first and second volume, new series, of the Repository, or any other two volumes we have on hand, bound or unbound, as may suit the convenience of the competitor, and the same number of volumes to the first who shall remit Fifteen Dollars;—To the first person who shall remit Twenty-Five Dollars, one copy of *The Souvenir* for 1830, containing twelve elegant engravings—to the second, the first and second volume, new series, of the Repository;—To the first person who shall remit Thirty Dollars, one copy of *The Talisman*, containing twelve elegant engravings, extra copies in the same ratio with those who shall remit twenty, or twenty-five, and the set of *Sturm*, and first and second volume, new series, handsomely bound and gilt—the second, who remits Thirty Dollars, the same with the exception of *The Talisman*.

The successful competitors can have their books sent to New-York, Albany, Troy, or Hartford, free of expense, and left at any place in either of those cities, they may designate, subject to their respective orders.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscription to be sent by the 1st of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the Publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, corner of Warren and Third-Streets.

Hudson, April 24, 1830

EDITORS who wish to exchange are respectfully requested to insert this a few times, or at least to notice it, and receive Subscriptions.

MARRIED,

At West Camp, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Charles Simmons, of this city, to Miss Jeruah Clark, of Catskill.

At Columbia Ville, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. William Kennedy, to Miss Margaret Coventry.

DIED,

In this city, on the 10th inst. Mr. David Campbell, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Mr. Henry Keller, aged 45 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Cornelia Ten Broeck, aged 47 years.

In Albany, on the 13th inst. Daniel M'Glashan, Esq. printer, in the 30th year of his age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. TO CROCUS.

Welcome, sweet early flower ! I love thee well,
For very oft in childhood's thoughtless hour
My wand'ring feet have ranged some grassy dell,
In anxious search of thee, my favorite flower.
Yet with a sweet, sad joy, my heart o'erflows,
My thoughts afar to distant islands roam,
While memory still reverts to those
Loved forms around my dear, my English home.
I linger long o'er those sweet hallowed days,
I cannot bid the cherished theme depart,
Still to the past my wayward fancy strays,
When thy bright buds had power to joy my heart.
When some proud florist, with botanic art,
Displays his green-house to admiring eyes,
A love of country fills my swelling heart,
And o'er Atlantic's waves my rapid fancy flies.

LAURENTIA.

April 22, 1830.

FROM THE SPIRIT AND MANNERS OF THE AGE. THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

Spirit of the shower,
Of the sunshine and the breeze,
Of the long, long twilight hour,
Of the bud and opening flower,
My soul delighted sees,
Stern winter's robe of grey,
Beneath thy balmy sigh,
Like mist-wreaths melt away,
When the rosy, laughing day
Lifts his golden eye.

Spirit of ethereal birth !
Thy azure banner floats,
In lucid folds o'er air and earth ;
While budding woods pour forth their mirth,
In rapture-breathing notes.
I see upon the fleecy cloud
The spreading of thy wings ;
The hills and vales rejoice aloud,
And nature starting from her shroud,
To meet her bridegroom springs.

Spirit of the rainbow zone,
Of the fresh and breezy morn ;
Spirit of climes where joy alone,
Forever hovers round thy throne,
On wings of light upborne :
Eternal youth is in thy train,
With rapture-beaming eyes ;
And beauty, with her magic chain,
And hope, that laughs at present pain,
Points up to cloudless skies.

Spirit of love—of life and light,
Each year we hail thy birth ;
The day-star from the grave of night,
That sets to rise in skies more bright,
To bless the sons of earth.
With leaf, and bud, and blushing flower,
Still deck the barren sod ;
In thee we trace a higher power,
In thee we claim a brighter dower,
The day-spring of our God !

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

Written by a gentleman (supposed to be the late N. H. Carter, Esq.) on the voyage from New-York to Marseilles, under the impression that he would not live to reach the land, being very low with consumption—addressed to a friend in this city.

TO — :

THE CLOSING SCENE—BURIED AT SEA.

From his room to the deck they brought him, drest
In his funeral rites by his own request—
With his boots and stock, and garments on,
And nought but the breathing spirit gone—
For he wish'd a child might come and lay
An unstartled hand upon his clay,
Then they wrapped his corpse in the tarry sheet,
To the dead as Araby's spices sweet,
And prepared him to seek the depths below,
Where waves ne'er beat nor tempests blow—
No steeds with their nodding plumes were here,
No sable hearse and no coiffed bier,
To bear with pomp and parade away
The dead—to sleep with his kindred clay—
But the little group—a silent few,
His companions mixed with the hardy crew,
Stood thoughtful round, 'till a prayer was said
O'er the corpse of the deaf, unconscious dead.
Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side,
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide,
One sullen plunge and the scene is o'er,
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.
In that classical sea, whose azure vies
With the green of its shores, and the blue of its skies,
In some pearly cave—in some coral cell—
Oh ! the dead shall sleep, as sweetly as well,
As if shrined in the pomp of Parian tombs,
Where the east and the south breathe their rich perfumes,
Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
When the trump of the angel sounds with dread,
And the sea, like the earth, gives up its dead.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Letter G.

PUZZLE II.—Because he runs for the plate.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is wit tempered with vivacity like four letters of the alphabet, the first deep in thought, the second advancing to meet you, the third holding a gleaming torch, and the fourth singing psalms.

II.

Why is a looking-glass like a spur that is soon plated ?

GARDEN SEEDS.

Just received and for sale at Ashbel Stoddard's Book-Store an assortment of Garden Seeds, of the growth of 1829, raised by one of the most experienced Gardeners in the United States, and of the best kinds now introduced in this County—they are warranted pure and unmixed, equal to any seeds now in market.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.

All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.